

benefit of a bunch of labor bosses.

One trouble with the labor situation in Chicago is that there are too many labor bosses and not enough labor leaders who lead where the real workers want to go.

Also too many labor bosses wearing diamonds, owning apartment buildings and sporting automobiles.

HO! HUM! WE'LL TAKE A SEAT WAY UP ON THE ROOF.

New York, Oct. 18.—The best price brought by a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, during the past few years, has been somewhere in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

But two boxes in the parterre tier of the Metropolitan Opera House, commonly known as the "golden horseshoe," have changed hands within the last week, one bringing, it is reported, something over \$100,000, the other nearly \$120,000.

The original stock value of a parterre box, when the opera house was financed and built, was \$30,000. The great demand for boxes by people of wealth, craving this purchasable mark of social distinction, has brought about the tremendous increase in valuation.

One of the boxes which has just changed hands is No. 26, bought from the estate of the late Samuel D. Babcock by William Ross Proctor. It is one of the much coveted ones, being near the center of the "horseshoe," between the boxes of Robert W. Goelet and J. Woodward Haven.

The other, the one said to have sold for close to \$120,000, is still more desirable. It is No. 33, bought by Henry Reese Hoyt from the Hitchcock estate, and has on its right and left, respectively, the boxes of J. Pierpont Morgan and Mrs. Vanderbilt.

More than thirty years have passed since the boxes were originally allotted. In that time there have been many transfer of holdings through deaths or for family convenience, but only five boxes have been permitted

to leave the original family influence. One of these cost Henry C. Frick between \$100,000 and \$110,000, a few years ago.

There are people in New York with millions, able to buy almost every other outward indication of aristocracy, to whom the parterre tier of the Metropolitan has been quite as impenetrable as it is to the humblest Italian barber who beats his palms and shrieks "Bis!" in the topmost gallery.

Passing along in the rear of the parterre tier, one reads on the quaint old brass name-plates which adorn each red baize door the names of New York's blood aristocracy. One generation follows another, but these plates remain undisturbed—except in such rare instances as those above-mentioned.



An American and a German were arguing about their different navies.

"Oh," said the German, "there is always something the matter with your navy. Only yesterday a battleship was fast in the mud."

"Well," said the American, "if a battleship is fast in the mud it would be a record-breaker in the open sea."